



# What does Santa do on his holidays?



👁 8 ✓ 0 ★ 1

## Chapter 1 by jajon beechunt

"One more. One more freakin' house then its over for another year." The large man in red, stooped and wobbling, as delicately as he could stepped off his sleigh. His breath sour and putrid from the numerous sherries he had hastily gulped down, drips staining his crisp white beard into a vulgar and ugly brown. he stumbled around the roof, slipped from his drunken state and fell a mere 30 feet, sending a sharp crack from his leg against a suck out window pain. He screamed but no sound came out as the blood seeping from his gaping cut made the snow steam red. the fat man's gargles of saliva sent an eerie whisper throughout the baron and cold cul-de-sac, the thick white bone sticking out the snow from his plump thigh like a Christmas ice spike. "FUUUUUUUUUUDGE" thought Santa.

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